

THE DAWN.

NO. 10. WILMINGTON, SEPTEMBER 16, 1822. VOL. 1.

"Cultivation is as necessary to the mind, as food is to the body."

"If good we plant not, vice will fill the place;
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface."

This number of our paper is unusually *poetical*; we wish our correspondents would be more *prosealical*.

FOR THE DAWN.

MR. EDITOR,—Through the medium of your paper, I would admonish certain young *ladies* to conduct themselves with more propriety, when they attend a place of worship. However those *two* who sat in the gallery at the upper Presbyterian Church, on Sabbath, the 8th. inst. may think their conduct calculated to exalt them in the estimation of a few *striplings*, it is my opinion that any reflecting mind would condemn it as unworthy the countenance of a genteel person.

To burst into a fit of laughter at the impediments in the speech of an aged Minister of the Gospel, and otherwise interrupt a congregation in their devotion, is certainly indecorous,—and if they cannot in future behave in a more becoming manner, tell them for me that they had better stay at home.

M.

FOR THE DAWN.

MR. WILSON,—Long have we anxiously anticipated that *important* period, when your *worthy* correspondent "ROSA" would "adorn the columns of your paper by her productions;" when we should be enabled to "see ourselves as in a mirror," and "like automatons, or like the poisonous weeds that will spring up in the most luxuriant soil," we should derive considerable advantage from the "fine buds of intellect" which we supposed her superior genius capable of inculcating, but alas! we have been sorely disappointed, and must remain in ignorance unless we can prevail upon her to "fulfil her promise." Oh! "Rosa," hast thou indeed abandoned

us to grovel in the low haunts of ignorance and superstition—and is there no hope that thou wilt yet impart to us that instruction which we would hail as the “DAWN of genius” amongst us? We entreat thee by the value thou hast for the respectability of thy own sex—by the desire thou hast ever entertained for their mental improvement—and by thy own promise, which is no inferior consideration, yet to remember that “cultivation is as necessary to the mind, as food is to the body;” and use all means in thy power, to improve our understanding and render us what thou wouldest have us to be, *ornaments to society*, and we will esteem it as the greatest favor thou couldst possibly confer upon us.

MARY & ELIZA.

REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. BONHOTE.

[*Translation.*]

Did young people seriously consider the important change which marriage must necessarily produce in their situation, how much more cautious would it make them in their choice of a companion for life! Alas! what avail the graces of the finest figure, the most captivating address, or the assemblage of all that is ensnaring if the heart is depraved, or the conduct imprudent! The gayest associate of the convivial hour may be the dullest, the most unfit companion for the domestic circle; and he who is never satisfied but in a crowd, or when engaged in a continual round of pleasure, is very unlikely to make a tender & prudent husband. Should sickness or distress draw near, depend upon it he would fly from their approach. If beauty alone excited his passion, it would cease to exist when you are deprived of those attractions on which it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that will likewise soon lose its value in his sordid mind; and the very person who brought him the wealth for which he sighed, will be considered as the grand obstacle to its enjoyments. Too often is this unpleasant picture to be seen in many discontented families, which a little serious reflection might have prevented being so unfortunately realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield your hearts to any one, however he may shine in the gay circles of the world, if you are convinced that he has no relish for the enjoyments of retired life. The man who likes every house better than his own, will scarcely take

the trouble of making home agreeable to others, whilst it is disgusting to himself. It will be the only place in which he will give way to his discontent and ill humour. Such people are forever strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and all the real comforts of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amidst his closest connexions.

He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.



FOR THE DAWN.

On the death of Miss ELIZA B. STEELE.

“ ——————our smitten friends
“ Are Angels sent on errands full of love.”

O solemn is the knell of death,
And cold it falls upon the heart,
E'en when the aged yield their breath,
And full of years depart.

But when before our eyes, the grave
Is open'd for the young and fair,
And the bright bloom that beauty gave,
Descends to moulder there ;

When worth that angels well might love,
Must in that narrow dwelling sleep,
Each pang the heart can bear, we prove,
As o'er the wreck we weep.

Eliza, at thy early tomb
These mingled sorrows all must join,
For youth and beauty's richest bloom,
And angel's worth were thine.

Yet why should friends and kindred mourn,
And pour their tears around thy urn,
Though thou hast past that fatal bourn,
Whence no one must return?

Thou wast *in mercy* lent to earth,
By an Omnipotence of love,
That we might emulate thy worth,
And follow thee above.

Go, Sceptic, if you knew the maid,
 And kneel beside her lowly grave,
 Think on the virtues she display'd,
 The evidence she gave ;

And own that Heaven would be unjust,
 A God of mercy, prove unkind,
 Did he not for that sleeping dust,
 A happy mansion find.

Yes, if such excellence must die,
 If souls like hers, so briefly given,
 Must from their earthly dwelling fly,
 They surely find a Heaven.

FALKLAND.

Mount Pleasant, Lancaster Co., August 30th, 1822.

FOR THE DAWN.

On leaving a favorite residence.

And must I leave thee now, my little Cot,
 'Thou sweet sequestered, rural spot,
 Endear'd to me by *many* a tie,
 I quit thee with a mournful sigh.
 I love each plant, each bush and flower,
 They oft beguiled a weary hour ;
 And banished sadness from my breast,
 And hush'd my cares and griefs to rest ;
 How oft I've nurtured with much care,
 The blooming rose, and lilly fair,
 And oft I've taught the eglantine,
 Around my cottage, to entwine.
 That beauteous, lovely blushing rose,
 Which does *each* month, new sweets disclose,
 Was given me by a friend sincere,
 Whom I respect, love and revere ;
 That almond flower, (excell'd by few)
 Was sent me by a friend *most* true,
 Who now has gone far, far away,
 O'er western woods, and wilds to stray.—
 And thou, sweet Multa Flora rose,
 That here luxuriant twining grows,
 Was sent us from a distant place,
 Our little cottage yard to grace,
 Was sent by *one*, we dearer prize
 Than *all* we have beneath the skies ;

Yes one we prize, *far, far more*,
 Than diamonds on Golconda's shore ;
 Or *all* the gold, on Guinea's coast,
 Or *all* the *wealth* the Indies boast.
 How oft, beneath the poplar's shade,
 By its thick spreading foliage made,
 I've sat me down, to court the breeze
 That murmur'd through the lofty trees ;
 And oft beneath the beechen tree,
 With book in hand, and friend with me,
 The hours have swiftly pass'd away,
 Till warn'd of fast departing day
 By birds of eve, that flew to reach
 The best safe rest upon the beech,
 And when soft twilight's pensive shade
 Stole o'er each hill, each wood and glade,
 I've sat and thought on those *most dear* ;
 Till sigh would burst ; till starting tear
 Stood in my eye ; and o'er my soul
 A melancholy sadness stole.
 But ah ! I leave this spot so dear,
 And *soon*, *O soon*, 'twill chang'd appear ;
 But *still* I'll love each walk and dell,
 That now I bid, a *long* farewell.

MARY.

Wilmington, Del.

FOR THE DAWN.

To Miss M. A. M*****.

O think'st thou, I can ever meet,
 Manners so *kind*, so *soft and sweet*,
 That will around my heart entwine
 So soon as did those charms of thine ;

I saw thee but a little while,
 And thy soft glance and dimpling smile,
 Were so imprest, upon my heart,
 That memory with them ne'er shall part.

Were I to range from shore to shore,
 On palaces and cots explore,
 I ne'er could find, a fair *more free*
 From pride, or art, or guile than thee.

MARY.

Wilmington, Del.

FOR THE DAWN.

LINES ON HEARING A BELL TOLL FOR A FUNERAL.

Hark! how the solemn distant bell!
 Toll's slowly out, the funeral knell!
 And bids us know some spirit fled,
 Adds one more number to the dead!—
 It now has ceased; and silence reigns
 'That tells us, that these poor remains
 Are laid in earth; until the wise
 And holy GOD, shall bid them rise.
 O may it not soon be my doom,
 To sleep within the silent tomb!
 Ah! yes, perhaps this very day,
 My spirit may be call'd away,
 To wing its everlasting flight,
 To realms of day, or endless night.
 O Saviour let me never roam,
 But guide me to thy peaceful home;
 Thy grace, and strength, to me impart,
 Then when death's touch shall chill my heart,
 My soul may join thy saints above,
 To sing, and praise Redeeming love.

MARY.

Wilmington, Del.

FOR THE DAWN.

Lines written after perusing the Pleasures of Hope.

Hope sweet enchanter of the mind,
 A solace oft in thee I find,
 That cannot, will not ever fail,
 To soothe my heart when woes assail;
 Ah! yes, when bitter griefs oppress
 My feelings, with deep, deep distress,
 Sweet Hope thou canst my fears dispel,
 And whisper, *all will yet be well*.
 When with an aching, sadden'd heart,
 I from my friends am forc'd to part,
 Thou gentle Hope doth whisper sweet
 Thy friends and thee, *again* shall meet;—
 And when those friends, whose noble worth
 I loved; are laid in silent earth,
 Hope tells me that we all shall rise,
 And meet together in the skies.

Wilmington, Del.

MARY.

FOR THE DAWN.

DETraction.

Of all the numerous evils that infest,
 Or take possession of the human breast,
Detraction bears with me the least excuse,
 And is of little pleasure or of use :
 And yet it is a vice we daily meet,
 In almost every breast it has a seat.
 If we perchance in the gay circle join,
 Where mirth is loud, or wit is wont to shine,
 Here base *Detraction* shows her hated face,
 In hopes of giving wit a better grace.
 Here absent friends, she on the carpet brings,
 Relates perhaps a thousand paltry things,
 Tells each defect, and here keen ridicule
 Reigns oft sole mistress of detraction.

E'en serious friends around the social fire,
 With sober faces, eagerly enquire,
 Is such an one reclaim'd ?—then frankly tell
 Their friends, what sad misfortunes him befel.
 With seeming pity they deplore his fate,
 Then sighing, wish him well—if not too late.
 Should we with utmost caution step along,
 With nicest care, among the gazing throng,
 With curious eye the critic marks our way,
 And to our charge will sure some blemish lay,
 "A world of critics!"—scarcely one we find,
 But bears a portion of it in his mind,
 And while he seems to scorn the name to bear,
 Will, on examination, prove his share.

Oh ! teach me Heaven, this evil to expel,
 Let it no longer in my bosom dwell ;
 To hold my peace where I cannot commend,
 Nor seek to blast the honor of my friend ;
 To deal with honest freedom where I can,
 And all the arts of base detraction scan ;
 To feel that sympathy my bosom warm,
 That will the shafts of malice all disarm,
 Bid envy cease, and with her rancorous dart,
 No longer raise disturbance in my heart.
 But friendship pure, disinterested, kind,
 Warm every heart, and glow in every mind ;
 That men, the brethren of one common sire,
 May dwell in love—unite in one desire.

Wilmington, Del.

REFLECTION.

FOR THE DAWN.

LINES.

On the death of Lieut.——, of the U. S. Army.

Oh slowly the Warrior hath sunk to decay,
And the flowers and trees wave mournfully o'er him,
For nobly he fell in the dawn of his day,
And the brave and the good, long, long will deplore him.

How high was his heart as his morning sun rose,
He shone like her rays in her earliest glory !
When call'd by his country to quell her proud foes,
And wreath his young name in the garland of story.

Dark howling along o'er Canadian shores,
He hears the wild clangor to mad battle calling,—
And as the loud cannon with deep thunder roars,
Oh see his keen sabre like lightning gleams falling.

Yet see from the contest his band now retreat, [him—
And foes with their taunts, and in triumph surround
Yet see how he struggles—they fall at his feet,— [him].
And see how they aim, and how dreadful they wound

But look through their numbers how bravely he breaks,
And his sabre in whirls cuts a passage before him ;
With his pure blood still flowing, his band overtakes,
And sees the bright flag of his country wave o'er him.

—Oh, see how his band, by his valor inspir'd
Return to the charge with a Spartan-like zeal ;—
And teach the vile foe, as he quickly retir'd
The weight of American vengeance to feel.

Yet see, as the clarion sounds a retreat,
And shouts of loud Triumph around him are pealing—
He bleeding sinks down on the turf at his feet,
With the faintness of Death, and Joy o'er him stealing.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

LEANDER.

DIED—On the 14th. ult. at Lancaster, Penn. Mr. GUSTAVUS GUEST, formerly senior editor of the *Juvenile Repository*, in the 21st. year of his age. Thus was he torn from his friends in the prime of life, when it was least expected. “Be ye also ready.”